



BY H. T. WHITE.

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THE PILGRIM'S LEGACY.

The May Flower, on New-England's coast, has
furled her tattered sail.
And through her chaf'd and moaning shrouds
December's breezes wail.
Yet on that icy deck, behold! a meek but daunt-
less band.
Who, for the right to worship God, left their na-
tive land;
And to this dreary wilderness this glorious boon
they bring.
"A CHURCH WITHOUT A BISHOP—A STATE
WITHOUT A KING."
Those daring men, those gentle wives—say where-
fore do they come?
Why render they all the tender ties of kindred
and of home?
'Tis heaven assigns their noble work, man's spirit
it unbids;—
And to the empire of the West this glorious boon
they bring.
"A CHURCH WITHOUT A BISHOP—A STATE WITH-
OUT A KING."
Then, Prince and Prelate, hope no more to bend
them to your sway,
Devotion's fire inflames their breasts, and freedom
points their way,
And, in their brave hearts' estimate, 'twere better
not to be,
Than quail beneath a despot, where the soul can-
not be free;
And therefore o'er the wintry wave, those exiles
come to bring
"A CHURCH WITHOUT A BISHOP—A STATE WITH-
OUT A KING."
And still their spirit, in their sons, with freedom
walks abroad,
The Bible is our only creed—our only monarch
God!
The hand is raised—the word is spoke—the sol-
emn pledge is given,
And boldly on our banner floats, in the free air of
heaven,
The motto of our sainted, and loud we make it
ring—
"A CHURCH WITHOUT A BISHOP—A STATE WITH-
OUT A KING!"

From the Christian Souvenir.

HOPE ON.

BY MISS E. JENNESS.

Has thy plume been soiled, and clouded thine eye,
While the glancing arrows around thee fly?
And thy footsteps faint in the strife and fray,
Though the fight is yet in the noon of day?
Warrior, awake! and arouse once more;
Hope on, hope on, until life is o'er.
Is thy heart bowed down with a bitter woe,
Thine anchors lost in the depths below?
No friend by thy side, and no voice of cheer
To give the strength in the hour of fear?
O Mariner, faint not, a star is on high;
Hope on, hope on, for thy God is nigh.
Are thy nerves unshaken, O Poet, and worn,
As on thou art urged to a far distance bourne?
Thou hast words of glory unseen within,
Though the shadow around and marked with sin,
And the kingdom of love beyond thee lies,
Hope on, for thy songs are sung for the skies!
Portsmouth, N. H.

Communications.

For the Herald.

USEFUL READING.

Many of the characteristics of the present age
—an age to be remembered that vainly vaunts its
superior knowledge—are most deadly opposed to
utility in its noblest sense. The noise of declama-
tory demagoguism, the overweening conceit and
pertinacity of zealot zeal, the flaunting but pit-
iful insolence of foppery, the chilling inertness of
lazy indolence, the unblushing assumption of lit-
erary and professional empiricism, the headlong
haste of pseudo-enthusiasm, the eager strife for no-
ney, the restless gnawings and crouching mendic-
ity of avarice, the supercilious arrogance of over-
grown wealth nascent by amiability of temper,
envy of manners or manly expansion of thought,
all denote the obscuration and obliquity of
that mental vision necessary for the energetic
acquisition of knowledge. Yet

Though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days (though fall'n, and evil tongues,
it may not be amiss to invite the momentary at-
tention of the public to the subject which heads
our article.

In marshalling the different departments of use-
ful reading, history in our view takes the prece-
dence. Lord Bacon says, "Histories make men
wise, poems witty, mathematics subtle, natural
philosophy deep, moral philosophy grave."

British authors furnish forth a noble array of
standard historical works, extending over all na-
tions and ages, replete with lessons of wisdom,
stately and ornate in style, rich in specimens of
glowing eloquence, recording the deliberations
and proceedings of the most august assemblies,
narrating the exploits of the most renowned of
men and tracing step by step the progress of the
principles of freedom, law, good government,
truth, science and religion. And the historians of
America compare so nobly with those of Britain
that we may well say, there are few prouder
names.

"Even in her own proud clime."

The Biography of distinguished individuals ex-
hibits the experience of others by which we may
profitably guide our own; the hopelessness of
their early prospects, the difficulties they had to
encounter, the struggles to endure, the dark hours
of disappointment and despair, the heart-sickness
of unsuccess, the final triumph achieved by perse-
vering indelible resolution and an iron will,
the gradual but rarely-failing change of character
produced by prosperity, the constantly occurring
vicissitudes of human affairs, the unswerving fidel-
ity of real and cold heartlessness of seeming friend-
ship, are all portrayed in distinct and minute de-
tails, serving as beacons to warn us from, or lure
us to, an imitation thereof.

The higher Poems bestow an almost exhaust-
less fund of thought and a most pleasing and use-
ful command of language in all its strength and
beauty. (Here however I enter my protest against
the miserable rhyming, with its sickly senti-
mentalism, jingling sing-song and false morality
so much in vogue,—a species of composition per-
petrated chiefly by love-lorn swains and venerable
spinners, who wreak their vengeance on society
by publishing these precious models of an imbecile
literature. From the perusal of such stuff we
rise thoroughly sickened and disheartened—we
had expected a banquet, and are fed with—in-
auition.) The Drama gives colloquial ease and
quickness of apprehension. The Sciences with
their appliances for the mechanical, agricultural
and social conveniences of life, permeate all the
masses of society. Essays produce methodical
and pleasing thoughtfulness. Legislative Debates
rouse a spirit of emulation and a thirst for more
general knowledge. Law Commentaries enlarge
the understanding, give acuteness and discrimina-
tion, and impart clear views of the principles of
government and of individual rights. Newspa-
pers make their readers emphatically citizens of
the world. It think every father of a family who
does not supply that family with one really valu-
able newspaper practices a most miserable parsimo-
ny. The increasing circulation of sound political
and agricultural newspapers in this section, I
regard as a sure indication of the increasing intel-
ligence and sense of the community. The writings
and speeches of the great fathers of American lib-
erty and laws, as also those of the great English
statesmen, ought not to be omitted for they are in-
deed among the best specimens of intellectual
greatness extant.

There is one fact connected with this subject
which I cannot look upon but with feelings of re-
gret and deep humiliation. I refer to the paucity
and meagreness of the private libraries of our
agricultural gentlemen. Look at them! A com-
pensible number of school and religious books,
(not very expensive nor very good) an almanac,
two or three antiquated, third-rate love-and-mur-
der novels, (operating as far as they go to vitiate
their children's taste for reading) and what else?
"A beggarly account of empty shelves." Shame!
shame! that men who are worth their thousands
should suffer their children to grow up without
habits of useful reading. For be assured that the
character and extent of our libraries are unfailing
indices of the character and extent of our
thoughts. With the advantages of winter school-
ing and winter evening reading, none of our young
men ought to grow up without good knowledge of
the history of our own country and its great men
and a general knowledge of the history of other
civilized countries. Let our farmers look to this
matter of their libraries lest they have the mortifi-
cation of finding themselves inferior to others in in-
telligence, social influence and political power.

I notice that during the last fiscal year, in the
State of New York \$95,000 of the interest accruing
from the United States Surplus Fund was appro-
priated to the purchase of District School Librar-
ies. Would it not be well for this State justly
proud of her exemptions from debt to devote
some part of her funds to the same object? It is
matter of almost proverb that many of our most
eminent men rise from the humblest walks of
life; were all our School Districts supplied with
well-selected, ever-growing and well-regulated
libraries accessible to all, how many of the poor
now thirsting for that knowledge which poverty
prevents their attaining would come forth to bless
and adorn society! Will not the real friends of
knowledge, common schools, and the poor, rouse
and bestir themselves in this matter?

X. E. X.

CURE FOR CORNS.—In a late English
paper the following is given as a certain cure
for corns: One teaspoonful of tar, one do. of
coarse brown sugar, and one do. of salt-petre.
The whole be warmed together and spread on
kid leather the size of the corn, and in two days
they will be drawn out.

Father Ritchie and all the "old ones" of the party,
say that Mr. Rives has come out for Clay be-
cause he sees plainly that Harry will be elected
President! Quite an admission that! All right!

DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A historical romance, lately published in London
closes with the following striking scene, in which
the reader is introduced to the death-bed of Queen
Elizabeth. Her Majesty has summoned Lucy Fen-
ton to wait upon her. The scene is powerful and
melodramatic:—

The Queen lay in her bed; she had ordered her
attendants not to draw the curtains over her win-
dows; and she watched the leafless trees waving to
and fro before them, and the ruddy flame of her fire
dancing upon the tapestry. Elizabeth had sunk in-
to that partial torpor in which, although the mind
has not altogether yielded to the influence of sleep,
the memories, the visions that pass over it have the
indistinctness of a dream. A long train of shadows
flitted before the mental eye of Elizabeth: there
was the fair face of Gertrude Harding, and another
face as fair; the features too of the ill-fated Essex
rose to 'fright her in her sleep; but ever were those
female faces present, even when the others had
passed away. Suddenly Elizabeth started up—she
was wide awake, but an unutterable horror had
seized upon her soul—any thing to escape from that
bed! and when her dismal shriek had summoned
her attendants to her apartment, they found her
standing in her night dress on the floor, her hands
clenched, her eyes fixed as in a convulsion, and
specks of foam upon her parted lips. It was a
frightful spectacle, the strongly marked but with-
ered features and stony blue eyes of the miserable
Queen.

But what needs it to prolong the description of
scenes so horrible; the struggles of a soul which
had used its greatness to destroy; and which sum-
moned to quit that world it hath too much loved,
shrunk from the contemplation of its past career.

No entreaties could prevail upon the wretched
Queen to return to her bed; she raved, screamed,
and wept at the proposal. Cushions were brought
and upon them she was extended, bitterly bemoan-
ing her miserable fate, and refusing all refreshment
and consolation.

Who does not know that for ten days the unhap-
py Queen thus remained, still refusing to enter her
bed. The Bishops and the Lords of the Council,
alike in vain entreated her to alter this resolution,
to Lucy Willoughton, whom she still retained in
attendance, she expressed strong indignation against
Secretary Cecil, the son of her old favorite Burleigh.

"He telleth the people, Mistress Willoughton,"
said Elizabeth, "that I am mad; but I am not mad;
oh, would to God that I were!"

"Gracious madam, be comforted!" said Lucy, who
was moved by the pitiable condition of the Queen.

"Do not thus mock me, fair damo, with such empty
words," replied Elizabeth, "had thy poor cousin
seen me thus, she had known me better than to
talk of comfort. Alas, alas, why does her face
still pursue me! God knows how bitterly I moun-
ted her fate; but it cometh, it cometh forever, and
still accompanied by another, which my soul sick-
eth to behold." While Elizabeth spoke, entered
Sir Robert Cecil, with the Lord Admiral, a rela-
tion of the Queen; they came to entreat that she
would suffer herself to be conveyed to bed.

Elizabeth looked round, shuddering, at her cost-
ly couch, "Oh, never, never!" she exclaimed. "Oh
Cecil, if thou hadst seen there what I have seen,
thou wouldst not drive thy mistress to that couch of
horrors!"

"What have you Grace there beheld?" asked Ce-
cil, "have you there beheld the dwellers of another
world?"

"Nay!" answered Elizabeth, "surely this is an idle
question; and beneath our notice."

"In sooth your Grace must retire to bed," persisted
Cecil, "if it be to satisfy the affection of your
people!"

At these words, the embers of an almost exting-
uishable fire again blazed in the heart of Eliza-
beth, and lighting up her worn features with some-
thing of the dignity of old, she raised herself on her
cushions.

"Must!" she exclaimed; "is must a word to be
addressed to princes! Little man, little man, thy
father, if he had been alive, durst not have used
that word. But alas, alas," continued the Queen,
wringing her hands and speaking in a tone of deep
dejection, "thou art grown presumptuous, because
thou knowest that I shall die."

"Good madam, be comforted," said the Lord Ad-
miral, again approaching the Queen.

She again raised herself, with Lucy's assistance,
and grasping him by the hand, she looked him
pitifully in the face, then bursting into tears, she
exclaimed, "My Lord, my Lord, I smited with an iron
collar about my neck; I am tied fast, and the case
is altered with me!"

From this time the Queen gradually sunk, falling
into a lethargy which released her from those men-
tal torments which it had wrung the compassionate
heart of Lucy to behold; during this lethargy she
was placed in bed. As her end was now evidently
fast approaching, the Lord Keeper, the Admiral and
the Secretary Cecil, were deputed by the council
to learn Elizabeth's will with regard to her suc-
cessor. Lucy Willoughton, whom the Queen during
her intervals of consciousness had commanded to
remain near her, stood by the side of the royal couch.

The Queen took no notice when the Kings of Scot-
land and France were mentioned by those lords;

then they spoke of the heir of the house of Suffolk,
the Lord Beauchamp, the son of the Lady Cath-
arine Grey, and the Earl of Hereford, to whom she
had always borne a strong antipathy. At this name
she started, and the dullness of death seemed to
vanish for a moment from her wild blue eyes, while
she fiercely exclaimed—"I will have no rascal's son
in my seat; no; but a king shall sit upon the
throne of Elizabeth!" and who should that be but
our cousin, the King of Scots!

She never spoke again.

Rambles among the Cottages.

THE COTTAGE WIDOW.

"Loved by a father and a mother's love,
In rural peace she lived, so fair, so bright,
Of heart so young, so good that reason scarce
The eye could credit, but would doubt, as she
Did stoop to pull the lily or the rose,
From morning's dew, if it reality
Of flesh and blood or holy vision saw,
In imagery of perfect womanhood—
But, lo! her bloom—her happiness was short."

Few women there are who can enumerate more
real and valuable friends at the age of 18 years
than were found upon the list of Florence Brace,
nor any number more worthily possessed, for it
rarely falls to the fortunes of one individual to com-
bine in their personal charms and in disposition,
or in intellectual and moral attainment a richer
treasure of human qualifications. This is suffi-
cient to account for the numerous admirers who
were in competition for the prize of her hand,
when it was finally bestowed upon Mortimer
Forrest, to the rejection and disappointment of
many wealthy and fashionable suitors in the popu-
lar village of Saratoga in 1830.

Forrest was a young journeyman carpenter,

possessed of uncommon brilliancy of intellect, and
very well informed—a very mild and agreeable
young man, and withal of a comely appearance
—what might be termed 'handsome.' Between
himself and Florence there had ever been a great
degree of intimacy, (as there had been between their
parents who had been neighbors,) from the
days of childhood, and which one or two inci-
dents will illustrate:

"Good morning, Mortimer," said Mrs. Brace,
one cold morning in January, as he came, (accord-
ing to his uniform practice at the age of 16, and
while 'Flora' was in her fifteenth year,) and called
for her to accompany him to a select school at-
tended by each; 'Flora had just left,' said Mr. B.
and away bounded the merry boy and soon over-
took his young friend, who had seated herself on
seeing him approach, upon a huge snow ball rolled
up by the boys on the way side. A blush
might have been seen upon the young girl's face
as Mortimer gallantly assisted her in arising,
meantime stealing a hasty kiss from her rosy
cheek. Thus early was formed the attachment
which existed in pureness between them, and many
were the thoughts of the future passing in their
youthful minds as they sat in the school room.—
Nor was the discernment of the Yankee teacher
long in discovering their mutual friendship, which
he would sometimes in a shrewd manner make
the occasion of a passing jest. One instance I
will mention:—Mortimer and Flora were both
in the same class in Grammar, and while parsing
one day the teacher requested Flora to conjugate
the verb to love, and when she came to the plural
of the first future, she inadvertently raised her
eyes toward Mortimer, who sat opposite to her, in
doing which she caught the eye of the teacher,
who was smiling and who immediately approached
and presently whispered in her ear, 'You may
indeed, but you had better attend to your studies
awhile first.'

Time passed on, and the days of their minority
were numbered, when (in 1830, as I have before
mentioned) their union was consummated, mak-
ing hundreds of hearts glad, while some more aris-
tocratic were displeased that one of the most beau-
tiful, wealthy and accomplished young ladies in Sar-
atoga should be allied to a mechanic. But Flora
had been educated by sensible parents, and in
her estimation a *Jack Plane* was as honorable a
mark of distinction as a *Tulle Deed*, and the pro-
fession of house-building as meritorious as that of
house-renting. Nobility, in her judgment, con-
sisted in being truly noble, generous, good. And
her future history proved her judgment corrected.
No person could have been happier than herself,
during the seven years of her husband's life—five
of which were spent in Saratoga after marriage,
and two in Michigan, although the peculiar mis-
fortunes which befel them in pecuniary matters
while at the west, under almost any other cir-
cumstances would have been sufficient to embitter
their cup most deeply. For, during the two years
of his residence in Adrian, Lenawee co, was Mor-
timer made the victim of most wicked designs;
more aggravating, because concealed under a pro-
fession of religion and friendship. The circum-
stances of which can only be given in brief, are as
follows:

Mortimer was a workman of superior science,
and had made great proficiency in acquiring prop-
erty by his trade; he was a man of peculiarly
exemplary habits, and had gained the respect of
all who knew him. Being a constant attendant
upon the services of the Sabbath, he had also
formed an intimate acquaintance with the Pastor
of the Church, who became a frequent visi-
tor, both at his fireside and at his shop. After he
had been in Adrian about fifteen months he re-
ceived a draft upon one of the banks in Albany
for two thousand dollars. And it so happened
that he carried the letter containing the check to
his house while the minister was paying his fam-
ily a visit. The next day the good pastor ap-
peared before him in his shop, with a very sorrowful
countenance, pretending that he had just received
a letter from his dear, widowed mother, announc-
ing that her house and lot, which was under mort-
gage, was to be sold in twenty days unless \$1,000
could be raised to pay it, and would consequently
be left homeless and without a place of rest. At
the same time he presented a deed, purporting to
have been given to his father, conveying 100 acres
of good land, in the county of Albany, valued
at \$15 per acre, besides one embracing the house
and the lot of his mother's residence. These he
proposed to mortgage to Mortimer, to secure the
thousand dollars. The proposition appeared to be
all fair, and the money was advanced, and in a
few days the minister started to the residence
of his widowed mother. Since which time nei-
ther himself, his mother, land nor mortgages have
ever been heard from! This was the first event
in the history of their misfortunes.

The next occurrence of note was the loss of
fifteen hundred dollars by the failure of one of the
many 'Wild Cat' banks, which tore out the eyes
and pocket of many poor families in the west dur-
ing the time they prevailed. Soon after he was
swindled of several hundred dollars by a partner
who 'stole the livery of heaven to serve the devil in.'
This rascal was not content with involving his in-
nocent partner in debt, but to screen himself from
deserved censure, fabricated the report that Mor-
timer had been suspected of fraud in his native
place, and of securing his property by that means.
This he did to excite the sympathy of their
creditors in his own favor, lest the tide of indig-
nation apparently rising should overwhelm him.—
Failing, however, to accomplish his object he
parloured about \$100 from his partner, and ran
away, leaving him to pay the debts of the firm, but

enjoying the unceasing sympathy and respect of
the community. The next event that occurred in
his eventful life, was that which made him a bank-
rupt, but carried him to a premature grave, and
covered the path of Flora with darkness, and fill-
ed her heart with many sorrows.

For the Morning Post.

Mr. Editor.—The 'Illuminated Periodical
Bible,' from the press of the harpers, New York,
has been submitted to us for our opinion of its char-
acter, and claims to "popular favor," and as minis-
ters of the Gospel we do not feel at liberty to with-
hold the expression of the opinion, however it
may conflict with the commendation passed upon
it by the press, or seem to militate with the interest
of the proprietors.

In the first place, we are decidedly opposed to
the growing disposition to accompany the Sacred
Scriptures with pictorial illustrations. While in
some few cases these may afford clear views of
ancient rites, or give more perfect knowledge of
the arts of the age, they can seldom if ever aid at
all in giving clearer perceptions of truth, or infor-
ming its sacred claims. Their tendencies to evil
are too numerous to mention in this place, obvi-
ously holding a natural and immediate affinity to the
sickening usages of superstition, and image wor-
ship.

In the second place, we are strongly opposed
to the present work on account of the character
of many of its pictures; and as Christian Minis-
ters we feel bound to record our most decided
objections to it, whatever may be its claims to
excellent mechanical execution. Many of those
pictures are revoltingly obscene and coming as
they do in immediate connection with the Word
of God we feel bound to enter our solemn protest against
its circulation.

Still more of those pictures, if not all, that have
as yet appeared, afford not the slightest aid to a
more correct understanding of the Scriptures, and
we have not been able to discover either their
great excellence as specimens of art, or the prop-
riety of affixing them to passages of inspired
truth where they are found.

In our view, the plea of increasing the circula-
tion of the scriptures, can afford no excuse for
such violation of delicacy and good taste; and ob-
jecting, as we always have done, to the exhibition
of paintings similar to the cuts in question, we are
confident that those equal, if not more gross rep-
resentations lying before our children, and associ-
ated so intimately with the word of God, must
be inconsistent with their safety, and hence wholly
wrong.

E. CHEEVER,
A. D. EDDY,
W. BRADLEY,
H. N. BRINSMADGE

Newark, January, 1844.

SOUND ADVICE.

Settle all your accounts, collect what is due
you, and pay what you owe. "Short settle-
ments make long friends." Examine your farm
statistics and see what have been the results of
your experiments with the different kinds of man-
ures, seeds made of tillage, &c., &c., and note
them well for future use. No farmer ought to be
without such a book, in which all experiments
should carefully be recorded at the time, and the
results carried into a separate book for his own
use hereafter; and if new and valuable discover-
ies are obtained, communicate them to some agri-
cultural periodical for the benefit of the world.—
Recollect, you have the experience of thousands to
guide their operations, and, by contributing to the
general stock whatever may be useful, you are
but returning to mankind, a part of the benefits
you have derived from them. Give all the cir-
cumstances material to the subjects in the briefest
plainest and simplest language possible. Above
all things, send in your subscription to one or more
valuable agricultural papers, and get as many of
your neighbors to subscribe as possible; and con-
sider in so doing, you are benefitting yourself by
ten times as much as you are the publishers.—
Summer is peculiarly the time for making obser-
vations and experiments, and winter the time for
communicating them. Remember the poor, not
only in this month, but every month through the
year, especially during the inclemency of winter.
You need not give so much to them outright, but
endeavor to put them in a way of making them-
selves comfortable by affording them employment,
by which you may be benefited while doing them
good. You thus confer on them a tripple benefit,
by furnishing them the means of comfortable sub-
sistence, teaching them to help themselves, and a-
void the habit of receiving charity, which intensi-
fies the sense of self-dependence.

The following paragraph is from the Sand-
wich Island Temperance advocate of July 17th
1843:

"It is now four years since Mrs. Lowell, at the
suggestion of Mr. Milo Calkin, instructed a native
woman to make the first sugar bag. Since that
time not less than 65,000 bags have been made
and sold for \$6,500 (or ten cents each.) A very
handsome sum for female industry! It is but
justice to remark, that most of this labor has been
performed by females connected with the Rev. L.
Smith's Society, in Honolulu. During the first
year the females contributed about \$400 towards
the erection of the house of worship. The na-
tives in the other parts of the Islands are now fol-
lowing the example of the members of Mr Smith's
congregation."

The total debt of Ohio is nearly nineteen mil-
lions of dollars.